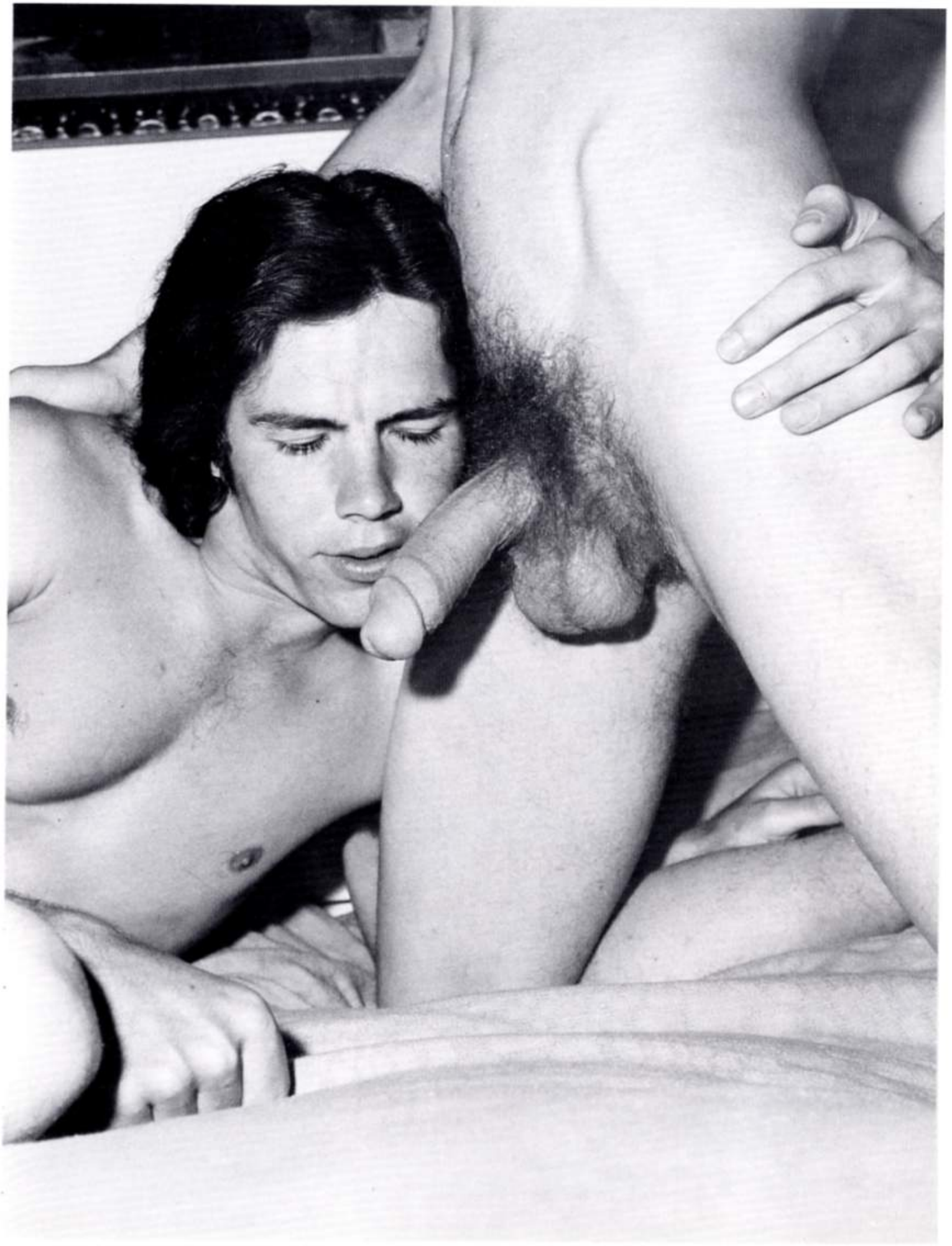
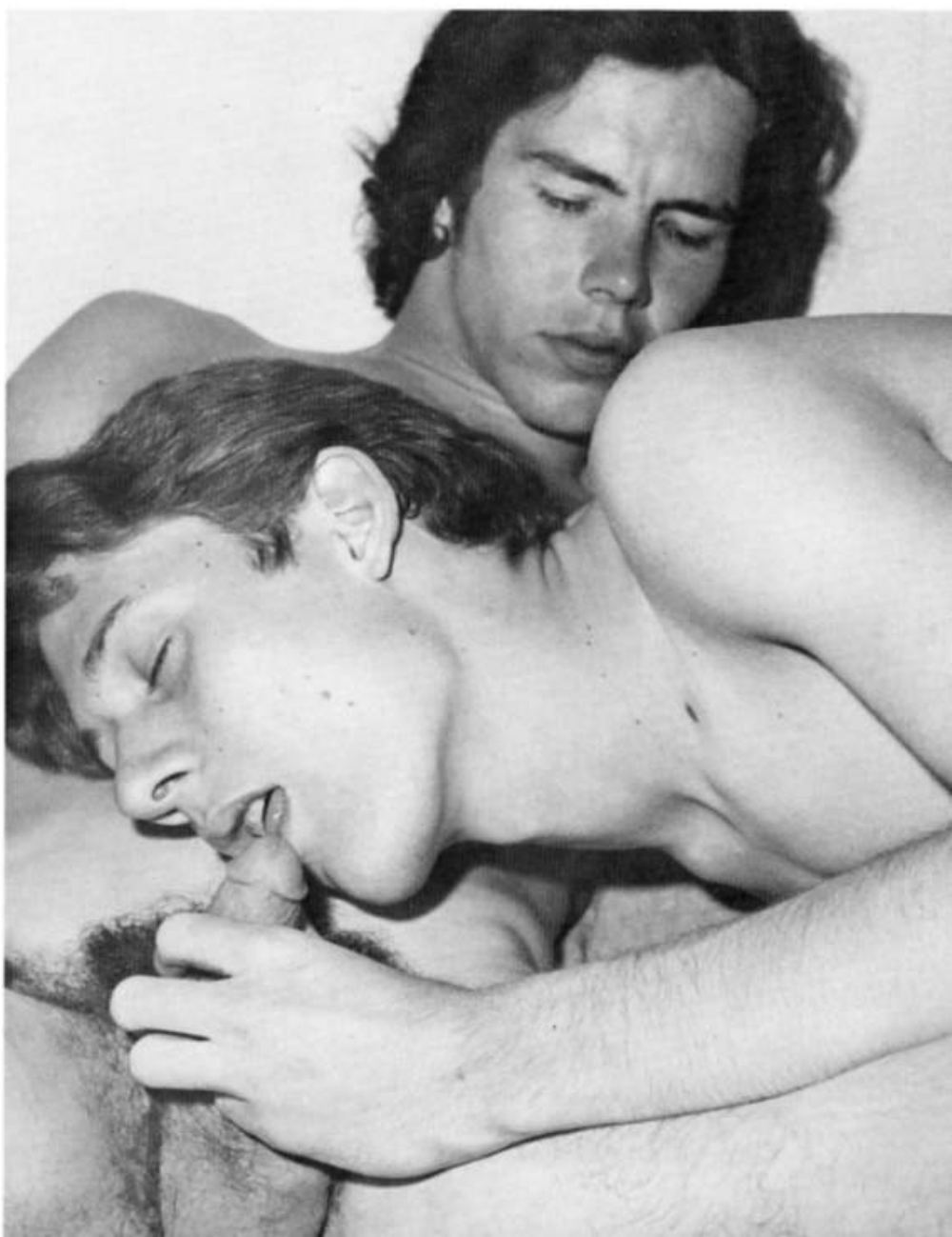


androgynous, and often clearly gay types who are neither drag nor butch, and who couldn't care less about muscle building. The old johns raised their eyebrows (so did the butch hustlers), asking, "Who on earth would pick *them* up?" But the newcomers did surprisingy well, and even some of the old johns found their taste changing slightly. Others took on the new types reluctantly, not really liking their softness, or their long hair, but facing the fact that the old-type hustler, hard of face and muscle, had become a scarce commodity.

When trying to inventory the number of hustlers around, it's easy enough to spot-tally in the well-known places, such as Selma Avenue in Hollywood, Pershing Square in downtown Los Angeles (which has slid off badly from its former glory), Times Square in New York, and Christopher Street in the Village. Where the census becomes shakey is, say, in ethnic neighborhoods. Take a block of Polish occupied houses in New York or Chicago, New Haven or Detroit, or a Black ghetto anywhere. There are all those young studs lounging around the street-corners, hour after hour,



apparently with nothing to do. Go up to a young man whose pose and appearance is identical with those on Selma, and ask him what he's doing. Chances are slim that he'll say he's hustling. That would be an unlikely answer in your ethnic neighborhood. But ask, in the right way, if he'd like to earn $20.00 in a reasonably short time, and give him a fair idea what is expected, and chances are he'll go along. Standing around and accepting an offer that comes out of the blue, isn't quite hustling.

Also, the background situation is very different, and there's some dynamite laying around on those ghetto sidewalks. Remember, he's on his home turf. The guys he grew up with are standing nearby, maybe within ear-shot. Everybody on the street knows him, and they all see that you're a stranger. Also, maybe even his mother is looking out the upstairs window.

If you say anything likely to be overheard, it had better not be something which would embarrass him. If he gets in your car, he has to be ready later with a reasonable explanation of your business with him, and the truth won't do. If he and his buddies have talked before about going with out with queers, and they have a hang-loose attitude on the subject, he can feel safe, which doesn't always necessarily mean that you can. Better to have picked him up somewhere distant from his home ground. For him, even more than for the street butch hustler, his pose of masculinity can be seriously threatened by anything related to homosexuality.

For present purposes, I am using the terms masculine and effeminite, not in the sense of any absolute measure of physical characteristics, such as musculature and strength, and depth of voice, crudity of manner, etc., though all of these are part of the picture, but more in the sense of self-image, i.e.: a majority of male hustlers regard themselves as masculine, and will behave only in ways which they regard as consistent with that masculine image. The only thing the hustler might value above his masculine image is his freedom----but he will often risk his freedom, for a display of machismo.

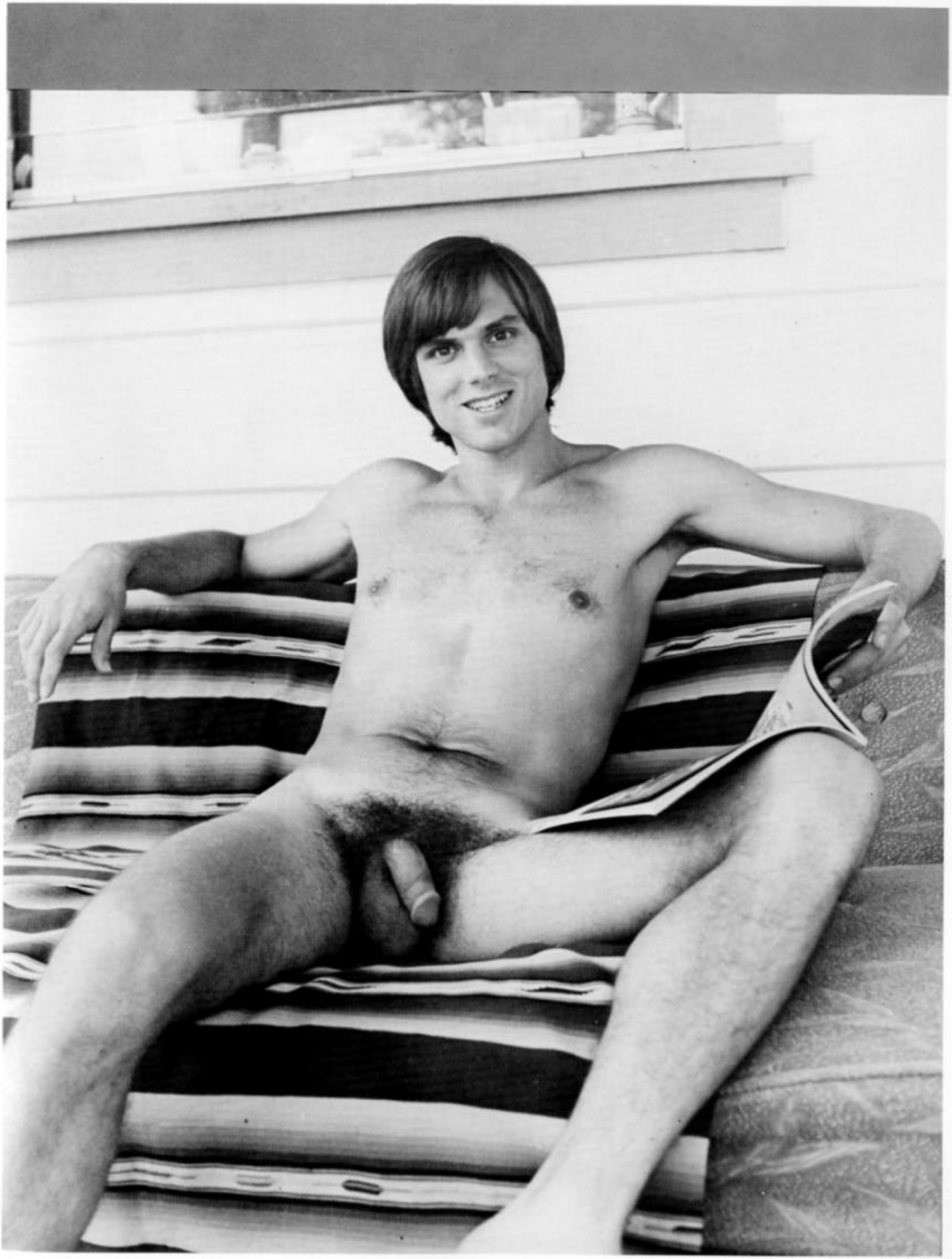
The maintainence of that image requires a very carefully adjusted attitude toward the whole business involved in the hustling. Jack Dean laughs about it some: "It's like you don't wanta let your right hand know what your left hand is doing. Look, your job, as a hustler, is to give some sexual satisfaction to another man, in return for the money. You tell yourself you wouldn't do it except for the money, but even if you get another job, you keep coming back to the hustling, because the fact is, you like what you're doing, even if you don't much like some of the

guys you do it with. You tell yourself that *they* are the homos, the queers, the fags, that *they* are taking the female role, and you are the big stud. You tell yourself that you're servicing them just for the bread, and that makes them queer and you normal. But, in the back of your mind you know that's all bullshit. Sometimes a john seems like a right guy----some of them try to get real understanding with us, ya know----and you wanta talk to them about it, but what you know is, that they need the same illusion you do, and if you puncture the balloon, it's fizzled for both of you. There just ain't nothing there anymore. Even with the other hustlers, you gotta keep on playing the act, pretending you are not really any part of the gay scene, pretending that as soon as you've made enough bread----and believe me, every full-time hustler spends it as fast as he gets it, so he *never* gets ahead----you're gonna get off the street, get married, and get a regular job, and that's a crock of shit, too. Chances are, you'll go right on hustling until nobody wants you, and then you'll be the one looking for sex, and you'll be looking for it in the tea-rooms, likely..''

But instances vary, as indeed hustlers vary, and johns vary. The part time hustlers often do build up a financial reserve, and get out of it. Not all hustlers, and not all johns, have the illusions about roles that I have described, and I suppose some readers are already arguing with the way I have laid out the case here.

Because it isn't quite that simple.

Dana!
SUPER STUD
OF THE MONTH**



Let's step back a little from theories about motives, even from attempts to give a broad definition of the phenomenon, and get a sort of over-view of the behavior we are considering.

In every large American city, there are thousands of young men, most of whom do not consider themselves gay or homosexual, who are spending some of their time (some, virtually all their non-sleeping time), waiting to be picked up by men who will pay for their sexual services. Broaden the picture: while the heavy concentrations are on certain well-known streets in large cities, a fair sprinkling of hustlers, full-time and part-time, can be found all over----in resorts, in college towns, around high schools and military bases, even in the smallest towns, and on the back roads, and it is by no means only an exclusively American phenomenon. It is found in virtually every country, though the styles vary from place to place. Neither is it something which came into being in the last decade or so. Hustling was an old, and actually a revered, profession when the earliest books of the Bible were being composed.

A BIT OF HISTORY

Homer mentions hustlers in the Iliad, written 3,000 years ago. In many ancient, near eastern societies, male and female hustlers, who often had semi-priestly status, gathered around local shrines to offer their charms. Young persons, coming of age, were expected either to be initiated by a sacred prostitute, or else to offer themselves at least once, in an act of prostitution, being open to any customer who came along----so that the king's son or daughter, might be obliged to give service to a begger----if he could pay the small fee.

There are several references to this custom in the Old Testament, disguised in many translations by the misreading of the word Qadhesh as sodomite. These stories mention that several successive kings in Israel broke down the houses of the Qadheshim, which were built by their predecessors--yet each of these revered kings built new such houses for his successor to break down--much in the manner of each Egyptian Pharoah leaving a household to be buried with him.